

The Shepherd for His Flock is Dying.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

The Shepherd for his flock is dying,
 My Lord is going down to death;
 For them the powers of hell defying;
 And sighing out his mortal breath;
 He's nailed there in the sinner's place;
 Such love divine, such matchless grace!
 His life to save his sheep he's giving,
 And tasting death there for them all;
 How patient he, and how forgiving!
 O heart, but hear his piercing call!
 'Tis finished now, the offering's made,
 Thy sins, thy burden, on him laid.
 The Shepherd dies for those who hate him,
 For those who buffet and despise,
 Who, as he hangs there, loud berate him,
 And fling at him their mocking cries;
 His life he pours out for his foes,
 To save them from eternal woes.
 For all who die, my Lord is dying,
 It is the travail of his soul;
 To heal Death's hurt, his blood applying,
 To make the bitten sinner whole;
 And when the lost ones to him come,
 He bears them on his shoulders home.
 He dies there, God's propitiation,
 He dies to pay man's hopeless debt,
 To purchase for him full salvation;
 Such love as his must win us yet!
 His blood atoning and his Cross
 For these—all else must be as dross.
 My Shepherd dies! I must be living;
 I die in him, he lives in me;
 His death eternal life me giving;
 I live, I die, O Lord, in Thee;
 I trust in Thy atoning blood,
 O dying shepherd, named the Good!

—DR. J. E. RANKIN, in Christian Advocate.

What Can I do for Jesus?

BY KATE YOST.

This should be the most important inquiry of every-blood bought servant of Christ. While this is intended in the main for the younger portion of God's children, yet it is not intended to exclude older ones. It is in some degree applicable to all classes. Every child of grace who feels and knows for himself that his sins are pardoned, should realize the constraining love of God. He should say "the Savior has done great things for me; what can I do for him?" We do not propose to point out a specific duty, or work, for any one, as the ways in which to work for Jesus are as varied and diversified, as are the tastes and capacities in the individuals who are to perform it.

One discouraging feature about some young converts becoming efficient workers in the Lord's vine-yard, is, they are too apt to think because they cannot perform some grand vast work, they have no field of labor. And here is just where they make the mistake. No one expects a babe just born into Christ's kingdom, to pray and exhort and preach like an old veteran of the cross.—But he is expected to manifest a willingness to do what he can, and to begin at once after conversion takes place. Even your associates outside of the pales of the church expect it. If your eyes are opened by the Spirit; "do what your hand findeth to do." Look about you; feel about you; in the Sabbath school, in the prayer-meeting, in church services, at your home, in the neighborhood there is something to do. Wait not for some great opening. Remember the noblest life is full of little duties. The greatest success is full of small details. We are only expected to do what we can, not that which is beyond us. Let us be patient. Our heavenly Father does not hurry. But he is not forgetful. Let us learn to look for his blessings in small things.

One of the most important requirements in God's service is personal individual sacrifice. We need to maintain singleness of heart. We are very much inclined to think too, much of selfish ends. Much of our peace and happiness is withheld because we are seeking our own glory and working to promote our own interests. Let us remember that we are servants, and as we are journeying through this world's wilderness, let us walk humbly, and love God supremely, and serve him in all his appointed ways.

We are told to watch and pray lest we fall into temptation. Let us watch too, for favorable opportunities to enhance the best interests of the church. Watch how we give vent to our thoughts before words are coined. One thought carelessly expressed may be the means of throwing a whole church into a state of confusion. Oh! how much it is to be regretted, that a great deal of the fruit of the labor for Jesus is lost in this way. Oftimes done unintentionally.

Idle words, light minded sayings uttered before the world, or at times and at places, where better things are expected, leave their impress. A little fault-finding, a little uncourteous treatment, will do much toward retarding the progress of a church. Oh yes! it takes time to break off from old habits, or counter-act old influences, many of us have been badly trained in this respect.

Jesus says, "he that gathereth not streweth." Here we are taught that we are doing one thing or the other. We are in some way doing something for Jesus, or against him. "As we have opportunity let us do good," then,

"Go work in my vine-yard there is plenty to do,
 The harvest is great but the laborers are few,
 There's weeding, and fencing and cleaning, of roots
 And plowing and sowing and gathering of fruits."

It is just as much a duty to take care of the fruit, as to labor for it. The prayers offered in faith believing, that we will receive what we are asking for, will assist us greatly in gathering in, and garnering up, what belongs to the Lord's store house.

A kind and affectionate word spoken "in season" may be the means of touching some cold heart, of some wayward wanderer and bring him to repentance, thus being an instrument in God's hands in saving a soul and the cause of rejoicing, on earth and in heaven, perchance a star added to the crown of the one entitled to it.

What a lesson to be learned from our Great exemplar.

When twelve years of age his parents took him with them to the feast of the Passover as their custom was. When they had fulfilled the days. The parents returned. The child tarried in Jerusalem. The parents knew not of it. They supposed he was in the company and traveled a days journey, and sought him among kin-folks and acquaintances. Not finding him they turned back to Jerusalem seeking him. After three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of doctors, both hearing them, and asking questions. It may be considered as a good omen at the present day, to find young people who love to hear others, and are apt to ask questions.

And when his parents saw him they were amazed. His mother said son why hast thou thus delt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said, how is it that ye sought me? Wist you not that I must be about my Father's business.

If that pure and sinless one, in whom there was found no guile, was so much concerned about his Master's business, how much more should we, poor frail creatures, of the dust be concerned about what we can do for Jesus.

Oh God! invigorate us with new desires, new energies, that we may labor more diligently for the advancement of the cause of Christ.

Consolation.

To brother R. F. Mallott, North Liberty, Ohio:

Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope, may the Father of Glory give unto you the spirit of wisdom and knowledge and truth to rightly divide the everlasting gospel, and that your life may yet be spared to gather in the sheaves of good that are wasting upon the plains. Although multiplied sorrows have overtaken you, and the death-angel has visited the family circle and called from your associations the good old grandmother, who no doubt has given you words of consolation in days of yore—but alas! she is gone; her seat is vacant, but like the patriarch, though she is dead yet speaketh.

While I pen these lines my heart is filled with emotion, when I call to mind the days when my grandmother called me to her side and taught me

my letters from the Sacred Volume. But, Bro. Riley, those days are gone. The joys that they brought have passed and we must turn our feet from the narrow cell and rise above the billows of sorrow and find consolation in the voice of the poet:

"I've found a joy in sorrow,
 A secret balm for pain,
 A beautiful tomorrow
 Of sunshine after rain."

But while you may be driving away this sorrow and finding consolation in the covenant of promise, you hear the rustle of wings and the death angel calls and mother responds. No wonder you write, "Multiplied Sorrows." But while it is your loss, it is her eternal gain. No doubt that it is through her prayers and admonitions that you are filling the position you are today, and that if she can look on the battle fields while you are cheering the army on to victory, no doubt she would say, fight on my boy, fight on; the war will soon be over, then comes a reunion at home.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

"Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
 Ye mortals powers decay.
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day."

My dear brother: take consolation that you were permitted to enjoy the happy associations of mother as long as you were, and that she died in the triumph of a living faith and that she could sing with the dying Christian:

"The pearly gates of heaven
 Now stand ajar for me;
 I'll soon be in the city,
 Where loved ones I shall see.
 Life's journey now is ended,
 On earth no more I'll roam;
 I'm waiting for the chariot
 To come and take me home."

The chariot has come and taken mother away and when the mist began to roll away and the dawn was appearing. Alas! The pale horse (and his rider) Death, came again and calls sister, and she too crossed the swelling tide to dwell with mother and grandmother, where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest. Where the rose of Sharon blooms perpetual by the stream which makes glad the city of God. While she was the joy of the home, the pride of the family, He to whom she belongs has called. May we all say not our will, but thine, O Lord be done.

"When she was here she was blooming and gay,
 But now she is called for and taken away.
 Oh! little did she think she'd be called for so soon,
 But alas! her morning sun; it has gone down at noon."

But while her sun has set in the dark clouds of death, it is a consolation to know that the Son of Righteousness has arisen with healings in his wings, and says in words that live though they were dead: yet shall they live again.

Now listen to the sweet singer of Israel, when he brings consolation to himself and says:

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Dear brother hear the voice of Inspiration. "They that have fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Again, "Let not your heart be troubled." "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

Take consolation, my dear brother, in this scripture. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever. Although you go forth weeping, you shall doubtless come again, bringing your sheaves with you.

"Oh wondrous love! Oh happy thought,
 To us poor mortals given;
 Our freedom by his blood was bought,
 That we might live in heaven."

Our friends may die and leave our hearts and homes desolate for a time. We cannot prevent it. Sorrow has its useful lessons and death is the gate that opens out of earth toward the house not made with hands. If we loose them; heaven gains them. If we mourn; they rejoice. If we hang our harps on the willows, they tune theirs in the eternal orchestra. Rejoice that we shall soon be with them, then cheer up, dear brother, while passing through multiplied sorrows, and hope that they may be the means of bringing multiplied joys. Yours in hope of eternal life. I remain your brother in Christ.

WM. W. SUMMERS.

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